

THE  
LITERARY EXAMINER.

No. X.—SATURDAY, SEPT. 6, 1823.

THE INDICATOR.

No. LXXXIII.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,  
And takes survey with busie, curious eye,  
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

ON THE LATIN POEMS OF MILTON.

[Continued.]

THE book of Elegies is followed by a book of Epigrams; by which the English reader is to understand, not merely pieces of pleasantry in the modern sense of Epigrams, but any brief and terse set of lines of the nature or length of an *inscription*; for such is the ancient meaning of the word. Milton's are, for the most part, poor enough; particularly the pleasant ones. He could not descend from the gravity of his genius with impunity. He could "do little things with grace", whatever Dr. Johnson has said to the contrary: but still they must be serious things,—courtesies and condescensions. His laugh is Sardonic. His assumption of animal spirits reminds one of his own description of amateur actors in colleges, "writhing and un-boning their clergy limbs."

The first four Epigrams are upon Guy Faux, and all turn upon the same conceit. Faux, blowing up the King and Parliament, is to send them unwittingly to heaven. Milton's anti-papal fierceness had already begun, though not his anti-monarchical. In the second epigram, the Pope is saluted with his old title from the Revelations, of the Beast with Seven Heads:

Quæ septemgemino, Bellara, monte lates:  
Thou Beast, whose lair is on the sevenfold hill.

In the third is an image in the true Miltonian style of grandeur, though not very fit for its situation. As a portrait of James the First, it becomes ludicrous. The poet says, that the King "sublimely rapt up to heaven in this Tartarean fire, would have entered the ethereal regions, a burnt shade."

Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

The new Elijah ought to have been superior to this "mortal consequence." The poor fumbling and tumbling old James, rolling up to heaven in a mystification of smoke, and issuing forth of a burnt colour, makes one's imagination uncharitable. Had Buchanan been alive, he would have translated *perusta*,—warm from a whipping;—

Ibericis peruste, funibus latus.

Epigram the fifth is a common-place on the invention of cannon. Jove's thunderbolts have been taken from him.

The sixth, seventh, and eighth Epigrams are compliments to Leonora Baroni, a famous singer, whom Milton heard in Italy. The first is very elegant. The poet, speaking of the guardian angel which is appointed to every body, says that Leonora's voice announces the very presence of the deity; or if not so, that the intelligence of the third heaven (the heaven of love) has left his sphere, and comes stealing in secret through her bosom. But I must endeavour to translate it.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

Angelus unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,  
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.  
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?  
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.  
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli,  
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;  
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensim immortalì assuescere posse sono.  
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,  
 In tè una loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME.

To every one (so have ye faith) is given  
 A winged guardian from the ranks of heaven.  
 A greater, Leonora, visits thee:  
 Thy voice proclaims the present deity.  
 Either the present deity we hear,  
 Or he of the third heaven hath left his sphere,  
 And through the bosom's pure and warbling wells,  
 Breathes tenderly his smoothed oracles;  
 Breathes tenderly, and so with easy rounds  
 Teaches our mortal hearts to bear immortal sounds.

If god is all, and in all nature dwells,  
 In thee alone he speaks, mute ruler in all else.

The second of these Epigrams is worthy of the first. He alludes to the story of Tasso's love for the Princess of Este; and says, that had that other Leonora possessed the powers of this, the poet's frenzy would have been turned into a celestial composure. The third, though inferior, is not destitute of beauty. The famous Siren, says the poet—(Parthenope)—whose tomb the people of Naples boast of having among them, is not dead. She has only exchanged the hoarse murmurs of Pausilippo for the gentle waters of the Tiber, and delights men and gods at Rome with her singing. Of the Leonora Baroni here praised, and her mother Adriana the Fair, another singer as famous, the reader will find some interesting accounts in Warton. One part of a passage which he quotes from a French writer, I must be indulged in extracting. It presents a family picture quite Italian. The writer is M. Maugars, Prior of St. Peter de Mac at Paris, an excellent performer on the viol, who wrote a life of Malherbe, and a *Discours sur la Musique d'Italie*. After giving a high account of Leonora's manner and science, as well as voice, he says, "But I must not forget, that one day she did me the particular favour to sing with her mother and sister. Her mother played upon the lute, her sister upon the harp, and herself upon the theorbo. This concert, composed of three fine voices,



and of three different instruments, so powerfully captivated my senses, and threw me into such raptures, that I forgot my mortality, and thought myself among the angels, enjoying the content of the blessed."

The three next Epigrams arose out of the controversy with poor Salmasius. They are as bad as the rest of the pleasantries, with which Milton condescended to sprinkle his triumph. In the first, Salmasius is ridiculed for translating the English county phrase *Hundred* into *Hundreda*, and for having had a hundred Jacobuses given him to write his book by the young King of England then in exile. The Jacobuses are called "*exulantis viscera marsupii regis*,"—the bowels of a royal exile's purse. Dr. Johnson is very angry with this attack on the king's hungry exchequer, but says it might have been "expected from the savageness of Milton." But observe here the justice of the arbitrary and their abettors. The royal and the great may plunder and laugh at poverty to all eternity; but if they are ever caught at a disadvantage, and the people return them one of their jokes, then it is, "Oh the savageness!" Johnson adds, by way of a show of impartiality, that "Oldmixon had meanness enough to delight in bilking an alderman of London, who had more money than the Pretender." But what sort of a set-off to Milton is Oldmixon? Why did he not tell us some mean stories, easy enough to be found, of the members of the Stuart family, the Pretender himself included. It was not unnatural in Milton to triumph over the long insolence of kings, now brought to this pass in the person of Charles II.; yet the instance after all was unfortunately chosen. It was an act of real liberality in Charles, at that time beset with pecuniary difficulties, to give a man a hundred golden pieces of money for writing against his father's enemies. So blind however is servility, or so false is the story itself, that Wood angrily denies it; and affirms that Salmasius had nothing. He says, the King sent him his thanks, "but not with a purse of gold, as John Milton, *the impudent liar*, reported." See Warton, as above referred to.

The amount of the second of these Epigrams against Salmasius is, that his writings are a good thing for the fish brought to market, for they are to be wrapped up in the great scholar's sheets. The third is a couplet against Salmasius's friend and assistant More, a Scotchman. More, it seems, was a church and state man of the true order, equally fond of kings and maid-servants. The allusion of the Epigram is to a child he had by the *femme de chambre* of Salmasius's wife. "Perhaps," says our own scholar and loyalist Warton, "Morus was too inattentive to the mistress." Warton informs us that Madame de Saumaise was a scold, and called Juno by her husband's brother critics; which did not however hinder her from giving some strange symptoms of a taste not altogether conjugal, which he proceeds to repeat. I leave them where I find them, not having yet arrived at the full taste of scholastic annotation. Love and imagination may go their loving lengths; but love in the shape of hate and a female pedagogue is too much. Of the distich upon More, which is an idle play upon the words "well-mannered" and "well-manned," (Mores signifying manners) Warton justly observes, that it is inconsistent with our author's usual delicacy. "But revenge," he adds, "too naturally seeks gratification at the expense of propriety, and the same apology must be made for a few other obscene ambiguities on the name of More in the prose part of our author's two

replies to More." This is true ; but it may be remarked, that scholars in the learned languages have always taken a strange licence in this matter. They seem to think, that the moment they turn the dark lantern of their Greek or Latin to the side of the uninitiated, they need not keep any ceremony with those who are in the secret. Their occasional exclamations of modesty and horror only make the matter worse, especially when followed up with long explanations of the nefariousness in question, and the "amorous delay" of versions and parallel passages. The sight of one of these brutish old scholars playing the Abelard and Eloisa with a text, and at the same time pretending not, is monstrous and nauseous ; but they go where the most luxuriant of lovers would never have thought of following them. "The same is not the same." The license of a loving imagination becomes a horror in that of filthiness and hypocrisy ; nor can a true lover of Love bear to see even the commonest ideas of the natural kindness of its intercourse perverted and degraded to the purposes of satire. However, let not Milton himself be thought to have gone farther than he did. He was tempted into a bad joke or two by an ostentation of scholarship ; but his poetry was always at hand to save him ; and "Mr. Milton's amatory notions" are still worthy of Paradise.

Epigram 12th is the fable of the rich man who transplanted a fertile apple-tree belonging to a peasant into his own ground ; where instead of the presents of fine fruit that had tempted him, the tree yielded nothing. This Naboth-vineyard Apologue was, perhaps, written with a political intention. It is of no value in itself.

Epigram the 13th and last is very noble. It is addressed, in the name of Cromwell, to Christina, Queen of Sweden ; and accompanied a present which he made her of his portrait. A doubt has been raised whether it was written by Milton or Andrew Marvell, a man quite capable of the performance ; but as Marvell was not then associated with Milton in the office of secretary, the chance appears in favour of the latter. However, the verses were published in the posthumous collection of Marvell's poems, which were "printed," says his nominal wife Mary (who appears to have been married to him after some fashion of his own) "according to the exact copies of my late dear husband, under his own hand-writing." Marvell, besides being the inventor of our modern prose style in wit, and an inflexible patriot, had a strong and grave talent for poetry, as the reader may see (and ought to see) in his song about the Bermudas boat, his lines on a Wounded Fawn, the verses in which he mentions "Fairfax and the starry Vere," and those others where he speaks of

Tearing our pleasures with rough strife  
Thorough the iron gates of life.

His satire is sometimes coarse, and must be excused by the age he lived in ; but it was witty and formidable. His spirit, at once light and powerful, hung admirably between the two parties of Dissenters and Cavaliers ; was the startling shield of the one, and a sword still more perplexing to the other : for it could dip and fashion its sturdy metal in the levity of their own fires. His talent at exaggeration, at running a joke down, is exquisite. He was Milton's admiring and inflexible friend.—But I forget the verses before us.



AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM,  
NOMINE CROMWELLI.

Bellipotens virgo, septem regina trionum,  
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli!  
Cernis, quas merui durâ sub casside, rugas,  
Utque senex, armis impiger, ore tero:  
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,  
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.  
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;  
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

The following translation, which it would be difficult to excel, appeared in Toland's *Life of Milton* :—

“ Bright martial Maid, Queen of the Frozen Zone!  
The northern pole supports thy shining throne:  
Behold what furrows age and steel can plow;  
The helmet's weight oppressed this wrinkled brow.  
Through fate's untrodden paths I move; my hands  
Still act my freeborn people's bold commands:  
Yet this stern shade to you submits his frowns,  
Nor are these looks always severe to crowns.

Mr. Todd ingeniously conjectures, that the appellations of Martial Maid and Lucid Star (for that also is given her in the original) might allude “ to a gold coin of the Queen, on one side of which she is represented with a helmet as *Minerva*; the other side exhibiting the *sun*.” Perhaps she sent it to Cromwell when it was struck, and his portrait was a return for it.—“ These lines,” says Warton, speaking of the original, “ are simple and sinewy. They present Cromwell in a new and pleasing light, and throw an air of amiable dignity on his rough and obstinate character. The uncrowned Cromwell,” he continues, “ had no reason to approach a princess with so much reverence who had renounced her crown.” (Perhaps this however was what particularly excited the reverence of the poet.) “ The frolicks of other whimsical modern queens have been often only romantick. The pranks of Christina had neither elegance nor even decency to deserve so candid an appellation. An ample and lively picture of her court, politicks, religion, intrigues, rambles, and masquerades, is to be gathered from *Thurloe's State Papers*.” Warton proceeds to give an account of some of her freaks, to which more are added in Mr. Todd's edition of our poet. Christina appears to have had a good deal of resemblance to the late unfortunate Queen of England, only with less good nature and sensibility; nor was she thrust out of house and home, and then requested to behave herself handsomely.

I must break off here, and reserve the remaining book of Latin Poems—the *Miscellanies*—for the next paper. It is the best of the three, containing in particular a speculation upon Plato's idea of the Aboriginal Man, worthy of the most dignified maturity of the author's genius.

It would be curious if any body could discover a connexion between the “ Mr. Washington of the Temple,” who translated Milton's *Defence of the People of England*, and the Washington of America. The translation was published in 1692. The name of Washington is not very common; and there is a strong look of relationship in their politics.

## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

*Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon. By the Count Las Cases—Vol IV.*

Had Napoleon Buonaparte never encountered the frosts and snows of Russia, nor, in consequence, experienced the greatest reverse of fortune that ever befel a human being, his character might have gained something of exaltation by the medium through which it would in that case have been viewed, but we question if his very extraordinary individual superiority would have been so apparent as it is at this moment. His singular captivity, by stripping off every factitious disguise and colouring, has submitted the man alone to public inspection; and so far from exhibiting a miserable, naked, two-legged animal, like the cock of Diogenes deprived of his plumage,—an exact representation of dethroned royalty in general,—he has contrived to undeceive no small portion of European society, his enemies by circumstance, into a positive respect for him. It is neither our wish, nor indeed the object of this publication, to enter into political discussion; we shall therefore abstain from all advertence which might lead us astray in that direction, and confine ourselves simply to a brief outline of the lineaments in the character of Napoleon, which have been developed and rendered conspicuous by his unprecedented confinement.

The first thing that strikes us in the character of this great man, as demonstrated both by his dazzling career, and the explication afforded of it in the curious records of his imprisonment, was his fearful repose upon the simple elements of force, and consequent inattention to all those minor resistances, whether moral or physical, which are of little importance when singly considered, but often the very reverse in the aggregate. We are much inclined to think that the genius of pure science often errs in this way, and the education of Napoleon was essentially mathematical. The highly-gifted and strong-minded of this class usually act upon general principles, and nineteen times out of twenty are right; but woe to the twentieth time if great results are under calculation, and they are as bold and adventurous as they are decisive. Such persons are like abstract mathematicians, who, in their application to practice, omit a due allowance for such trifles as atmosphere and friction. It is apparent, from his own explanation, that opposing moral causes was the unnoticed friction of Bonaparte. His command of the positive energies of thirty millions of people was always before his eye; and because in that he predominated, the negative resistance of all the rest of Europe he overlooked. His mass was smaller, but his momentum was greater beyond all comparison, and he forgot that the impetus often expends itself and may be weakened by accident, while the mass is sure to remain. While we admired the genius exhibited in the calculation and combination of Napoleon, in his great undertakings, we were led *a priori* to doubt his continued prosperity; and if English Ministers acted against him upon any plan beyond that of a mere blind resistance, they must have reasoned in something like the same manner.

Whether there be truth or falsehood in the foregoing very general outline, we are of opinion that every page of the memoirs before us



exhibits the features of a mind in strict accordance with it. The same rapid detection of the predominant impetus in all cases,—the same consequent spirit of decision, and the same disregard to the petty accumulation of minor resistance to all that he deemed preponderant, is displayed in his conversation as in his history. The exact reverse to Hamlet,—as little in conversation in St. Helena as on the throne in France, did he allow the rapid decisions of his judgment to be “sicklied over by the pale cast of thought.” To view the premises with a glance, and to pronounce a judgment off hand, was as much his characteristic when a captive as when a sovereign; and by the practice of the former, we are led into the qualities of mind which rendered the latter so distinguished. We scarcely need add that the rapid union of execution with conception, is of all others the quality which renders a tolerably gifted man the leader of his fellow creatures. It is often seen in middle life, how even common minded men with this faculty step before their fellows, but with the positive advantages of talent and opportunity, their lead is certain. Cæsar was this man: Cromwell was this man: but above all Napoleon, whose history, in our opinion, portrays the simple elements of this dazzling and commanding endowment with more nakedness and force than any other within the entire range of history.

But if these volumes furnish materials of a nature to rectify and adjust a previous estimation of his public character, how much more have they tended to correct the obloquy and misrepresentation with which national enmity, and that which is usually denominated policy, have so industriously clouded his personal and private deportment. We must all recollect a time, when even well-informed people among us were led to regard Napoleon as a stern but able monster of the Emperor of Morocco class,—a stranger to the gentler impulses of humanity, and a perfect despiser of all the courtesies and felicities of moral and refined society. What miserable tales, too, were diffused of his private vices, and unbridled licentiousness! What have become of these stories, and why have they not been substantiated since his fall, when reward and encouragement awaited all who could really depreciate and lower him? Our readers will not mistake us; Bonaparte was *not* the personification of our *beau ideal* of a hero. He partook too much of the *egoism* of the old model, a fact not to be concealed by the intellectual superiority with which he supported it; but it is as useless as it is contemptible to deny his great endowments and positive great and good qualities. It is for trembling despots and apprehensive governments to countenance detractors and employ Sir Hudson Lowes; and for liberality and independence to estimate persons and qualities, exclusive of the accidents of friendship or enmity, and still more of that sort of friendship or enmity which grows out of political disagreement. This concluding volume, however, may please all parties; for one half it (Part 8) is occupied with an immense portion of detail, which shews how admirably British magnanimity has dealt with a fallen enemy; and that certain persons have despised, as much as the hearts of his greatest haters could desire, all the petty *morale* of the chivalric school, in relation to heroes under eclipse, which we are occasionally taught to regard as almost peculiarly legitimate. “Were honour to be driven from the bosoms of all the rest of mankind, it ought to retain

an abode in the heart of kings," said a high-minded sovereign. If by honour, in this case, he meant a comprehensive attention to the elevated, the exalted, and the magnanimous, what a strange commentary will posterity supply in regard to the St. Helena captivity, and its indescribable goalership! \* How extraordinary, that in respect to the treatment of one person and the employment of another, a Fourth George may pair off in the way of comparison with an Eleventh Louis! †

Having thus briefly got over preliminary and general remark, it only remains for us to notice this concluding volume of Count Las Cases, in reference to its able report of the spirited table-talk of Napoleon; in which respect it is peculiarly valuable and entertaining. We have already observed, that in the delivery of his opinions on *all* subjects, this extraordinary man exhibited his characteristic decision; but we certainly never imagined that his range of observation and appreciation was so various. Still less did we expect so many of those lively social traits with which these volumes have furnished us, and in which the present is peculiarly rich. As our power of extract is very circumscribed, we will make a few without further ceremony, in general illustration; premising, however, that we are too much confined to supply the very best in the book, even if they had not been previously selected by the daily papers.

The following may be deemed a partial picture of the Bonaparte Family, by the chief of it, but fact and circumstance have tolerably borne him out. Possibly none that ever existed less exposed themselves in prosperity; or have been less degraded by adversity.

"Joseph would have been an ornament to society in any country; and Lucien would have been an honour to any political assembly. Jerome, as he advanced in life, would have developed every qualification requisite in a sovereign. Louis would have been distinguished in any rank or condition of life. My sister Eliza was endowed with masculine powers of mind: she must have proved herself a philosopher in her adverse fortune. Pauline, perhaps the most beautiful woman of her age, has been, and will continue to the end of her life, the most amiable creature in the world. As to my mother, she deserves all kind of veneration. How seldom is so numerous a family entitled to so much praise! Add to this, that, setting aside the jarring of political opinions, we sincerely loved each other. For my part, I never ceased to cherish fraternal affection for them all; and I am convinced that in their hearts they felt the same sentiments towards me, and that, in case of need, they would have given me every proof of it."

The following observations on the French and Grecian drama are also characteristic and lively:—

"After dinner we resumed our readings, which had been so long suspended. The Emperor read the Agamemnon of Æschylus, which he very much admired for its great force and simplicity. We were particularly struck with the graduation of terror which characterises the productions of this father of tragedy. It was observed that this was the first spark to which the light of the modern drama may be traced.

"Agamemnon being ended, the Emperor asked for the Œdipus of Sophocles, which also interested us exceedingly; and the Emperor expressed his regret at not having had it performed at St. Cloud.

\* The gratuitous barbarity of endeavouring to deprive the unhappy captive of all information in relation to his child is possibly unparalleled; for in respect to safe custody, it was perfectly nugatory.

† An amiable personage, *vide* not Philip Comines, nor any one else, except Sir Walter Scott in his novel of Quentin Durward.



"Talma had always opposed the idea; but the Emperor was sorry that he had relinquished it. 'Not,' said he, 'that I wished to correct our drama by antique models. Heaven forbid! but I merely wished to have opportunity of judging how far ancient composition would have harmonized with modern notions.' He said he was convinced that such a performance would have afforded pleasure; and he made several remarks on the impression that was likely to be produced on modern taste, by the Greek chorusses, Coryphæi, &c.

"He next turned to Voltaire's *Œdipus*, on which he bestowed high commendation. This piece, he said, contained the finest scene in the French drama. As to its faults, the absurd passion of *Philoctetes*, for example, they must not, he said, be attributed to the poet, but to the manners of the age, and the great actresses of the day, to whose laws a dramatic writer is obliged to submit.

"This eulogium of Voltaire rather surprised us: it was something novel and singular in the mouth of the Emperor.

"At eleven o'clock, after the Emperor had retired to bed, he sent for me, and resumed his conversation on the ancient and modern drama; on which he made many curious remarks.

"In the first place, he expressed his surprise that the Romans should have had no tragedies; but then again, he observed, that tragedy, in dramatic representation, would have been ill calculated to rouse the feelings of the Romans, since they performed real tragedy in their circusses. 'The combats of the gladiators,' said he, 'the sight of men consigned to the fury of wild beasts, were far more terrible than all our dramatic horrors put together. These, in fact, were the only tragedies suited to the iron nerves of the Romans.'

However, it was observed, that the Romans possessed some dramatic essays, produced by Seneca. By the bye, it is a curious fact, that in Seneca's *Medea*, the chorus distinctly predicts the discovery of America, which took place 1,400 years after that drama was written. In the passage here alluded to, it is said, 'A new Tiphys, a son of the earth, will, in ages to come, discover remote regions towards the west, and Thule will no longer be the extremity of the universe.'

One of the most amusing parts of this pleasant volume is made up of the easy, spontaneous remarks of Napoleon on his past domesticity. His encounters with the never-ending creditors of the improvident Josephine,\* are related with extreme *nonchalance* and humour. We have been particularly struck also with his total contempt of general scandal; for we learn by this publication that he was ignorant of many excellent stories which circulated in the saloons of Paris, the particulars of which he acquired, for the first time, from his suite in St. Helena. The author of the *School for Scandal* could not have better appreciated the heartless malignity of those trifling circles, nor the cold and artificial polish with which they disseminate the slander and detraction that form the oxygen of *their* atmosphere. By the way, a translation of the said *School for Scandal* is about to appear on the Parisian boards. The unrivalled concoction of that admirable Comedy is indisputably Sheridan's; but the French must be poorly read in their native drama if they do not recognise a conspicuous portion of it for their own.

We select the following *dicta* as examples at once both of the mind and manner of Napoleon. The remarks upon Time finely elucidate the promptness by which he was distinguished.

"It was asked one day, in Napoleon's presence, how it happened that misfortunes that were yet uncertain, often distressed us more than miseries that had already

\* Josephine was a graceful, fascinating, and well-meaning woman, but by no means strong minded. It is related in these memoirs, that on the fall of Napoleon she was harassed by weak advisers to formally throw herself on the protection of the Bourbons, and that in this dilemma she asked advice of the Emperor of Russia, who recommended her not to do so. Alexander behaved well in this instance.

been suffered. 'Because,' observed the Emperor, 'in the imagination, as in calculation, the power of what is unknown is *incommensurable*.'

"After having given any one an important mission, or traced out the plan of any great enterprise, the Emperor used frequently to say, 'Come, Sir, be speedy; use despatch; and do not forget that the world was created in six days.'

"On an occasion of this kind, he concluded by observing to the individual whom he was addressing, 'Ask me for whatever you please, except *time*: that's the only thing that is beyond my power.'

On another occasion, Napoleon commissioned a person to execute some important business, which he expected would be finished in the course of the same day. It was not, however, completed until late on the following day. At this, the Emperor manifested some degree of dissatisfaction; and the individual, in the hope of excusing himself, said that he had worked all day. 'But had you not the night also?' replied Napoleon."

"On a certain occasion it was observed to the Emperor, that he was not fond of setting forward his own merits: 'That is,' replied he, 'because with me morality and generosity are not in my mouth, but in my nerves. My hand of iron was not at the extremity of my arm, it was immediately connected with my head. I did not receive it from nature; calculation alone has enabled me to employ it.'"

"One day when the Emperor was reproaching an individual for not correcting the vices which he knew he possessed, 'Sir,' said he, 'when a man knows his moral infirmity, he may cure his mind, just as he would cure his arm or his leg.'"

We cannot absolutely agree with Napoleon that a moral infirmity, when understood, is as easily removeable as physical disease under the same circumstances. We apprehend, if the comparison be allowable at all, the former resembles a chronic disorder, which is only to be *allayed*. The utterance of hyperbole of this nature is however useful, for much more may be effected by due energy than is readily imagined.

Another shrewd remark of Napoleon is recorded, in allusion to the complete government of General Moreau by his wife. A man under such circumstances, he asserted, was neither himself *nor* his wife, but nobody at all; an observation which concentrates the moral of a page or two of table-talk on a kindred subject, by which our readers may some day or other be assailed.

Some anecdotes of a particular nature are supplied, which exhibits that penetration into the capacity of his *employés* that contributed so materially to his long continued success. With the celebrated Engineer, General Bernard, he entered into some professional conversations at Antwerp, in relation to the fortifications; the latter, then only captain and a plain man, was surprised some short time after at being sent for to Paris, to become the aide-de-camp. A discovery of this kind was not extraordinary in itself, but this rapid mode of acting upon it is certainly not usual. In fact, with Bonaparte, ability uniformly supplied a patent of pretension—a *tranchant* system requiring too much superiority in the supreme head, to be always eligible in a monarchy. He aimed at a nobility of that kind too, instead of a feudal one—a fearful source of combination among men of castles and quarterings (and nothing else) all over Europe;—and their enmity has finally prevailed.

The following observation upon political equality is excellent, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

"Equality of rights, that is to say, the power of aspiring and obtaining, enjoyed by all individuals, was one of the points to which Napoleon attached particular importance. This regard for equality, was one of his peculiar traits, and seemed to belong innately to his character. 'I have not reigned all my life,' he would say: 'before I became a Sovereign, I recollect having been a subject; and I can never



forget how powerfully the sentiment of equality influences the mind, and animates the heart.'

"When he was once suggesting a law project, to be drawn up by one of his Counsellors of State, he said, 'Let me charge you to respect liberty; and above all, equality. With regard to liberty, it might be possible to restrain it, in a case of extremity; circumstances might demand and justify such a step: but heaven forbid that we should ever infringe upon equality! It is the passion of the age; and I wish to continue to be the man of the age!'"

Nothing can be more correct than the proposition in the extent in which it is here given; but is there not a covert insinuation that *therefore* political liberty is of little moment. The rank despotisms of the East may be upheld on this principle, and we are not certain that they are put up with on any other ground. All are slaves alike; and the caprices of a tyrant may make a pacha to-day of the slave of yesterday, and *vice-versa*. Equality of rights in this sense, we fear, is little more than the equality of no rights at all. Oppression of their subjects, Napoleon observes, is never the interest of sovereigns at this time of day: possibly not, but subjects are oppressed for all that. Numbers of Italians are groaning in dungeons at this moment, for the most noble and patriotic of all aspirations.—No: this will not do—even from a Bonaparte it is only the argument of an Emperor.

We have no time to dwell on a variety of topics in which Napoleon displays considerable ingenuity, and among the rest, a very acute and able defence of his detention of British visitors, which at the very worst cannot be very gracefully attacked by those who, on the ground of policy, so plentifully scattered heads, legs, and brains at Copenhagen. Various instances are given of his occasional ductility to the solicitations of individuals. The following is not the least curious:—

"Among the many acts of kindness which the Emperor exercised towards the English who were detained in France, there is one which happened to come within my own knowledge, and of which a Mr. Manning was the object. This gentleman, whom I knew very well in Paris, and who had been induced to travel for the sake of scientific investigation, thought he might obtain his liberty by addressing a petition to Napoleon, praying for permission to visit the interior of Asia. His friends laughed at his simplicity; but he turned the laugh against us when, at the expiration of a few weeks, he triumphantly informed us of the success of his application. I find it mentioned in Dr. O'Meara's work, that this same Mr. Manning, after a peregrination of several years, touched at St. Helena, on his return to Europe, and urgently requested leave to see Napoleon, in order to express his gratitude by laying a few presents at his feet, and answering any enquiries he might make respecting the Grand Lama, whom he had had an opportunity of visiting through the Emperor's indulgence."

We omit a most acute sketch of the merits of Pitt, Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, and the Lords Sidmouth and Bathurst, as it has run through so many of the daily papers. Suffice it to observe, that whatever difference of opinion may exist as to minor particulars, there is scarcely a tangible point omitted, and that in the aggregate, the judgment of Napoleon is likely to be that of impartial posterity, at least, of such of them as posterity will condescend to remember.\* For the same reason we omit a curious advertence to the character of Fox, and certain observations in relation to the return of the Bourbons.

\* One of them will be chiefly known to future times by his connexion with the treatment of Napoleon, and the other, for his unparalleled *English* letter to the Manchester magistrates;—*Par nobile fratrum!*

To conclude,—this volume, the seventh part in particular, is instructive, amusing, and speaking electrically—highly charged with the peculiar *vis* of the extraordinary subject of it. It seems, indeed, to have produced a very general impression, and is even alluded to favourably in quarters where little candour was to be expected. Upon the whole, the *manes* of Napoleon will have no reason to be dissatisfied with the labours of Count Las Cases.

---

### COMMON PLACES.

## I.

THE art of life is to know how to enjoy a little and to endure much.

## II.

Liberty is the only true riches. Of all the rest we are at once the masters and the slaves.

## III.

Do I not feel this from the least shadow of restraint, of obligation, of dependence? Why then do I complain? I have had nothing to do all my life but to think, and have enjoyed the objects of thought, the sense of truth and beauty, in perfect integrity of soul. No one has said to me, *Believe this, do that, say what we would have you*; no one has come between me and my free-will; I have breathed the very air of truth and independence. Compared with this unbiassed, untroubled possession of the universe of thought and nature, what I have wanted is light in the balance, and hardly claims the tribute of a sigh. Oh! Liberty, what a mistress art thou! Have I not enjoyed thee as a bride, and drank thy spirit as of a wine-cup, and will yet do so to my latest breath!

## IV.

But is not Liberty dangerous, and self-will excessive? I do not think so: for those who are not governed by their own feelings are led away by prejudice or interest; and reason is a safer guide than opinion, liberty a nobler one than fear.

## V.

Do I see a Claude? What is there to prevent me from fixing my eye, my heart, my understanding upon it? What sophist shall deter me from thinking it fine? What is there to make me afraid of expressing what I think? I enter into all its truth and beauty. I wander over it, I detect each hidden grace, I revel and luxuriate in it, without any doubts or misgivings. Is not this to be master of it and of myself? But is the picture mine? No—oh! yes, ten times over!

## VI.

That thing, *a lie*, has never come near my soul. I know not what it is to fear to think or to say what I think.

## VII.

I am choked, pent up in any other atmosphere but this. I cannot imagine how kings and courtiers contrive to exist. I could no more live without daring to speak, to look, to feel what I thought, than I could hold in my breath for any length of time. Nor could I bear to debar others of this privilege. Were it not that the Great would play the part of slaves themselves, they would hate to be surrounded with



nothing but slaves, and to see meanness and hypocrisy crawling before them, as much as we do to see a spider crawling in our path.

## VIII.

I never knew what it was to feel like a footman. How many lords in waiting can say as much?

## IX.

When I consider how little difference there is in mankind (either in body or mind) I cannot help being astonished at the airs some people give themselves.

## X.

I am proud up to the point of equality—every thing above or below *that* appears to me arrant impertinence or abject meanness.

## XI.

The ignorant and vulgar think that a man wants spirit, if he does not insult and triumph over them. This is a great mistake.

## XII.

For a man to be a coxcomb, shews a want of imagination. No one will ever pride himself on his beauty who has studied the head of the Antinous, or be in danger of running into the excess of the fashion, who has any knowledge of the Antique. The *ideal* is incompatible with personal vanity.

## XIII.

A scholar is like a book written in a dead language—it is not every one that can read in it.

## XIV.

Just as much as we see in others, we have in ourselves.

## XV.

A painter gives only his own character in a portrait, whether grave or gay, gross or refined, wise or foolish. Even in copying a head, there is some difficulty in making the features unlike our own. A person with a low forehead or a short chin puts a constraint upon himself in painting a high forehead or a long chin. So much has sympathy to do with the operations both of the eye and the hand, with observation and practice!

## XVI.

People at a play hiss an unsuccessful author or actor, as if the latter had committed some heinous crime—he has committed the greatest crime, that of setting up a superiority over us which they have failed to make good.

## XVII.

The rich who do nothing themselves, represent idleness as the greatest crime. They have reason: it is necessary that some one should do something.

## XVIII.

What a pity that kings and great men do not write books, instead of mere authors! What superior views they must have of things, and how the world would be benefitted by the communication!

[To be continued occasionally.]

## TABLE TALK.

We have spoken, in a former number, of the spaniel-like propensities of the heroines of certain modern novels; but this entire mastery of spirit is not much more repulsive than their described passionless nature in one or two other respects. Formed, like the false Florimel of Spenser, of *snow*, love acts upon them as hamlessly as the sun upon a polar frost; a slight giving may take place at a particular season, simply because Heaven has ordained it so, but as to any struggle between prudence and passion, the lion shaking a dew-drop from his mane but faintly typifies the retreat of Cupid from these "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice." If inclination be made to declare war against duty at all, we are generally led to look for some struggle; and indeed it is that contention which ought to create the interest. Not so in these cases: buckled up in their invulnerable armour, we feel no more for these mental amazons than for the Styx-dipped Achilles, or the invulnerable Orlando—they are sure to conquer. They resemble the Indian Fakirs, who suspend themselves with a hook in their ribs, over a slow fire, by way of amusement, sure of reaching the Seventh Heaven as pure Yogees. We care nothing for heroines so much above our sympathy; and whom we might suppose to be made after the fashion of Deucalion and Pyrrha by throwing stones over the shoulder—a creation from which we are at any time willing to escape into the company of mere fallible men and women.

---

A grand distinction exists between the history of England and France, on the subject of disputes for the crown, and bloody civil struggles for the possession of it. The entire history of the former abounds in them, while that of the latter, although quite as fruitful in civil broil, exhibits nothing of war on the score of an absolute pretension to the crown, or records open endeavour at dethronement, from the days of Hugh Capet downwards. Query, did the Salique law produce this distinction? Be this as it may, the contrary state of England rendered her Court policy for two or three centuries exceedingly Turkish:—

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry, Harry.

Such are the words which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Henry V. on his accession; and truly in the name consisted most of the distinction, as it regarded affinity to the throne. From the wars of York and Lancaster to the death of Lady Arabella Stewart, what a series of oppression and murder on the score of propinquity alone! Turkey scarcely did, or could exceed it.

---

Without resorting to the romance of the East, the progress of the Saracenic empire is marked by anecdote of the influence of love, quite as affecting and as sentimental as any which have been supplied by the annals of Europe. We were struck with this truth the other day, on happening to take up an old romance founded on the pathetic history of Giaffer the Barmecide, vizier of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, of tale-telling memory. The fact of an eastern despot, of the strong cha-



racter of this Commander of the Faithful, introducing two handsome and interesting persons to each other, and allowing them to assume the names of husband and wife, with a capricious negation of the privileges of such an union, is as curious and romantic as it is true. The Caliph, willing to reward the services of his favourite Giaffer, determined, on certain conditions, to bestow on him in marriage his beloved sister Abassa, the most beautiful and accomplished princess of the East. "Were not Abassa my sister," said he, announcing to his favourite the purpose which he had formed, "marriage should unite us; but since the most lovely and the most amiable of the Oriental women cannot be the wife of Haroun, no other has a right to possess her; nor can I suffer the blood of Abbas to be contaminated by a foreign mixture. The nephews of your brothers must not be mine. I give to you the hand of my sister, it is true, as a recompense for your services, and that I may have the pleasure of beholding in my presence, at the same time, two persons whom I dearly love; but I require your sacred promise that you will be to Abassa only as I am—a friend and a brother. On this condition, and this only, I consent to the union. Death to yourself and to your race will be the penalty of the violation of your oath."

Giaffer assented to this admirable piece of despotic logic, which, of the two, is worse than the reported speech of the Grand Sultan when presenting his daughter with a subject for a husband—"Here, daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave;" a form of words omitted by English parents, but which a great number of married ladies in England conceive to be implied. The nominal marriage took place between the princess and Giaffer, but, unfortunately for the unhappy lovers, the voice of love and nature, sanctioned too by the laws, was not to be stifled by the caprice of a despot; the enamoured pair baffled the vigilance of the Caliph, and a son, the fruit of their disobedience, was privately conveyed from the seraglio to Mecca. The result is a portion of public history: a discovery was made, Giaffer lost his head, and Abassa, some accounts say, died of grief; while others state, that she was driven from the palace, and suffered to languish in disgrace and indigence.

A more than common interest is given to the foregoing incidents by the character of the parties. Giaffer was one of the most cultivated men of his time—amiable, handsome in person, and benevolent in disposition. Abassa appears to have been similarly accomplished as a female; some Arabic verses from her to Giaffer still exist, expressive of her attachment. It would seem, by the tenor of them, that the lady was the most impatient of the restraint imposed: her exalted rank takes away from the apparent indelicacy, for Giaffer could not speak first. The words given are as follow:—

"I had resolved to keep my love concealed in my heart; but, in spite of me, it escapes and declares itself. If you do not yield at this declaration, my modesty and my secret are both sacrificed: but if you reject me, you will save my life by your refusal. Whatever happens, at least I shall not die unrevenged; for my death will sufficiently declare who has been my assassin."

Nothing is frequently more unlike to truth than truth itself; we do not, therefore, think that the loves of Giaffer and Abassa are adapted

for tragedy; but, with a little freedom in the catastrophe, they would make a charming opera, either English or Italian. The story would supply at once dramatic effect, subject for the composer, and much opportunity for theatrical scenery and splendour.

TIME THE RECTIFIER.—A singular instance of the rectification of the consequences of human weakness and injustice, by Time, is to be found in the family history of the Seymours. The influence of the second wife of the Protector Somerset (uncle and guardian to Edward VI.) over her husband, produced a most unjust conduct on the part of the Duke to his eldest son. Stimulated by her ambition, he absolutely surrendered his first patent of peerage to the Crown, in order to receive it again, with remainder to the issue of the *second* marriage, setting aside his children by the former wife, except in succession to those of the latter. It happened, both curiously and rightfully, that in 1750 the unjustly-favoured branch failed, which event, in the person of Sir Edward Seymour of Maiden Bradley, restored the family honours to the lineal descendant of the first marriage, by whose posterity they are now enjoyed.

---

#### EUDONEIRION.

Dear Girl, that lost in deep oblivion seemest,  
Fain would I know the secrets that thou dreamest ;  
I can but deem thee, thus serenely sleeping,  
Sweet flowers of love in the bowers of Eden reaping,  
A wandering spirit, with its wings unfurled  
In the home of the visions that beautify the world.  
It is the body that chaineth us to place,  
But we are the dwellers of the gardens of space,  
We are eternal beams of God, and he  
The magnificent Sun that lights Infinity.

---

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The paper "*On the Literature of the Romans*," is not suited to this publication, and will be left out for the author at the office.

---

LONDON:—Published by HENRY L. HUNT, 38, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, and 22, Old Bond-street. Price Fourpence; or, if stamped for country circulation free of postage, Sevenpence. Sold by all Booksellers and Newsvenders in town; and by the following Agents in the country:—

Edinburgh, Messrs. Bell and Bradfute.  
Glasgow, W. R. Macphun.  
Exeter, T. Besley, jun. High-street.  
Leeds, James Mann, Duncan-street.

Liverpool, T. Smith.  
Bath, at the London Newspaper Office.  
Bristol, Hillyard and Morgan.  
Sunderland, W. Chalk, High-street.

Birmingham, J. Drake.

Printed by C. W. REYNELL, Broad-street, Golden-square.